## CLEOPATRA:

AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS. THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIM IN HIS OWN HAND.

## By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTTER XX.

OF THE EXPROACH OF HARMACHIB; OF THE STRUGGLE OF HARMACHIS WITH THE GUARDS; OF THE QUICK BLOW STRUCK BY BRENNUS, AND OF THE SECRET SPEECH OF CLEOPATRA.

And at length, all being gone, I, too. turned to go, when a cunuch struck me on the shoulder and roughly bade me wait on the presence of the Queen. An hour past and this fellow would have crawled to me on his knees but he had heard, and now he treated me-so brutish is the nature of such slaves-as the world treats the fallen, with scorn. For to come low after being great is to learn all shame. Unhappy, therefore, are the great, for they may fall!

I turned upon the slave with so flerce a word that, cur-like, he sprang behind me; then I passed on to the Alabaster Hall, and was admitted of the guards. In the centre of the hall. nigh to the fountain, sat Cloopatra, and with were Charmion and the Greek girl Iras. and Merira and other of her waiting ladies. "Go," she said to these, "I would speak with my astrologer." So they went, and left us face

"Stand thou there," she said. lifting her face for the first time. "Come not near to me, Harmachis: I trust theo not. Perchance thou hast found another danger. Now, what hast thou to say? By what right didst thou dare to break in upon my talk with the Roman?"

I felt the blood rush through me like a storm bitterness and burning anger took hold upon my heart. "What hast thou to say, Cleopatra?"
I answered boldly. "Where is thy oath, sworn on the dead heart of Menka-ra, the ever-living? Where now thy challenge to this Roman Where thy eath that thou wouldst call me 'husband' in the face of Egypt?" And

I choked and ceased.
"Well doth it become Harmachis who never was forsworn to speak to me of oaths!"
she said in bitter mockery. "And yet, O thou most pure Priest of Isis; and yet, O thou most faithful friend, who never didst betray thy friends; and yet, O thou most steadfast, honor able, and upright man, who never didst barter thy birthright, thy country, and thy cause fo the price of a woman's passing love; by what token knowest thou that my word is void?"

"Thy taunts I will not answer, Cleopatra." I said, holding back my heart as best i might. for I have carned them all, though not from thee. By this token, then, I know it. Thou goest to visit Antony; thou goest, as said that Roman knave, 'tricked in thy best attire,' to feast with him whom thou shouldst give to vultures for their feast. Perchance, for aught know, thou art about to squander those treasures that thou hast filehed from the body Menka-ra, those treasures stored against the need of Egypt, upon wanton revels which shall complete the shame of Egypt. By these things, then, I know that thou art forsworn and I. who, loving thee, believed thee, tricked and by this, also, that thou who didst but yes ternight swear to wed me, dost to-day cover me with taunts, and even before that Roman put me to an open shame!"

"To wed thee? And I did swear to wed Well, and what is marriage? Is it the union of the heart, that bond beautiful as gossamer and than gossamer more light, which binds soul to soul as through the dreamy night. of passion they float, a bond to be, perchance. melted in the dews of dawn? Or is it the iron link of enforced, unchanging union whereby if sinks the one the other must be dragged beneath the sea of circumstance, there, like a punished slave, to perish of unavoidable corruption ge! I to marry! I to forget freedom and court the worst slavery of our sex, which by the selfish will of man, the stronger, doth still bind us to a bed grown hateful and ence a service that love mayhap no longer hallows! Of what use then, to be a Opean, if thereby I may not escape the evil of the meanly born? Mark thou, Harmachia: Woman be ing grown hath two ills to fear, death and marriage; and of these twain is marriage the more vile; for in death we may find rest, but in marriage, should it fail us, we must find hell. Nay, being above the breath of common slander that would blast those who of true virtue will not consent to stretch affection's bonds. I "And yesternight thou didst swear that thou

rouldst wed me and call me to thy side before the face of Egypt!"

'And yesternight the red ring round the moon did mark the coming of the storm, and yet the day is fair! But who knows that the tempest may not break to-morrow? Who knows that I have not chosen the easier path to save Egypt from the Roman? Who knows, Sarmachis, that thou shalt not still call me Then no longer could I bear her falsehood.

for I saw that she but played with me. And so I spoke that which was in my hoart

"Cleopatra," I cried, "thou didst swear to protect Egypt, and thou art about to betray Egypt to the Roman! Thou didst swear to use the treasures that I revealed to thee for the service of Egypt, and thou art about to use them to be her means of shame—to fash-ion them as fotters for her wrists! Thou didst swear to wed me, who loved thee, and for thee gave all, and thou dost mock me and reject me! Therefore I say-with the voice of the dread Gods I say it-that on thee shall fall the carso of Menka-ra, whom thou hast robbed indeed! Let me go hence and work out my doon! Let me go, O thou fair shame! thou living Lie! whom I have loved to my doom, and who hast brought upon me the last curse of doom! Let mo hide myself and see thy face

She rose in her wrath, and terrible she was

"Let thee go to stir up evil against me! Nay, Harmachis, thou shalt not go to build new plots against my throne! I say to thee that thou, too, shalt come to visit Antony in Cilicia. and there, perchance, I will let thee go!" And ere I could answer, she had struck upon the silver gong that hung nigh to where she was. Fro its rich echo had died away, there entered from one door. Charmion and the waiting women; and from the other, a file of guardsfour of them of the Queen's body guard, mighty

men, with winged nolmets and long fair hair. Seiza that traitor!" cried Cleopatra, pointing to me. The Captain of the guard-it was Brennus-saluted and came toward me with

But I, being mad and desperate, and little caring if they slew me, flew straight at his throat, and dealt him such a heavy blow that the great man fell headlong, and his armour clashed upon the marble floor. And as he fell I seized his sword and targe, and, meeting the next, who rushed on me with a shout, caught his blow upon the shield, and in answer smote with all my strength. The sword fell where the neck is set into the shoulder and shearing through the joints of his harness slew him, so that his knees were loosened and he sank down dead. And the third, as he came, I caught upon the roint of my sword before he could Brike, and it pierced him and he died. Then the last rushed on me with a cry of "Taranis!" and I too, rushed on him for my blood was allane. And the women shricked, only Cloopatra said naught, but stood and watched the unequal fray. We met, and I struck with all my strength, and a mighty blow was, for the sword shore through the iron shield and shattered there, leaving to weaponless. With a short of triumph the guard swang up his sword and amote down ton my head, but with my shield I caught the blow. Again he smote, and again I parried; but when a third time he raised his sword I saw this might not endure, so with a cry I

burled my buckler at his face. Glancing from

his shield it struck him on the breast and staggered him. Then, before he could gain his balance, I rushed in beneath his guard and gripped him round the middle. For a full minute the tall man and I struggled furiously, and then, so great was my strength in those days, I lifted him like a toy and dashed him down upon the marble floor in such fashion that his bones were shattered so that he spake no more. But I could not save myself and fell upon him and as I fell the Captain Brennus, whom I had smitten to earth with my fist, having once more found his sense, came up behind me and smote me sore upon the head and shoulders with the sword of one of these whom I had slain. But I being on the ground, the blow fell not with all its weight, also my thick hair and broidered eap broke its force; and thus it came to pass that, though sore wounded, the life was yet whole in me. But no more could I struggle.

Then the cowardly eunuens, who had gathered at the sound of blows, and stood huddled ogether like a herd of cattle, seeing that I was spent, threw themselves upon me, and would have slain me with their knives. But Brennus, now that I was down, would strike no more. but stood waiting. And the cunuchs had surely slain me, for Cleopatra stood like one who watches in a dream and made no sign. Already was my head dragged back and their knife points at my throat, when Charmion, rushing forward, threw herself upon me, and, calling them "Dogs!" desperately thrust her body before them in such fashion that smite they could not. Now Brennus, with an oath, seize! first one and then another and cast them from me.

"Spare his life, Queen!" he cried, in his barbarous Latin. "By Jupiter, he is a brave man Myself felled like an ox in the shambles, and three of my boys finished by a man without armor, and taken unawares! I grudge them not to such a man! A boon, Queen! Spare his

life, and give him to me!" "Aye, spare him! spare him!" cried Char-

mion, white and trembling. Cleopatra drew near and looked upon the dead and him who lay dying as I had dashed him to the ground, and on me, her lover of two days gone, whose head rested now on Charmion's white robes.

I met the Queen's glance. "Spare not!" I gasped; "ra victisi" Then a flush gathered on her brow, methinks it was a flush of shame! "Dost love this man at heart, Charmion, she said with a little laugh, "that thou thrustest thy tender body 'twixt him and the knives of

these sexless hounds?" and she cast a look of scorn upon the cunuchs. "Nay." answered the girl, flercely. "But I connot stand by to see a brave man murdered

by such as these." "Ave." said Cloopatra. " he is a brave man. and gallantly he fought: never have I seen so flerce a fight even in the games at Rome! Well. I spare his life; though! 'tis weak of me womanish weak. Take him to his chamber and guard him till he is healed or-dead.

And then my brain reeled, a great sickness selzed upon me, and I sank into the nothing-

Dreams, dreams, dreams! without end and ever changing, as for years and years I seemed to toss upon a sea of agony. And through them a vision of a dark-eyed woman's tender face and the touch of a white hand soothing me to rest. Visions, too, of a Royal countenance pending at times over my rocking bed - a countenance that I could not grasp, but whose ceanty flowed through my fevered veins and was a part of me-Visions of childhood and of the Temple towers of Abouthis, and of the white-haired Amenembat, my father - ave! and an ever-present vision of that dread hall in Amenti, and of the small altar and the Spirits clad in flame! There I seemed to wander everlastingly, calling on the Holy Mother, whose memory I could not grasp; calling ever and in vain! For no cloud descended upon the altar, only from time to time the voice pealed "Strike out the name of Harmachis. child of Earth, from the living Book of Her, who Was and Is and Shall Be! Lost! lost! lost!

And then another voice would answer:
"Not yet! not yet! Repentance is at hand; strike not out the name of Harmachis, child of Earth, from the living Book of Her, who Was and Is and Shall Be! By suffering may sin be

wiped away!" I woke to find myself in my own chamber in the tower of the palace. So weak was I that I scarce could lift my hand, and life seemed but

to flutter in my breast as flutters a dying dove. I could not turn my head: I could not stir; you I could not turn my head: I could not stir; you dark trouble done. The light hurt my eyes: I shut them; and as I sout them, heard the sweep of a woman's robes upon the stair, and a swelft, light step that well know. It was that of Cleopatra! and as the could not turn and as welft, light step that well know. It was that of Cleopatra! and all my mighty love and hate rose from the darkness of my death-like sleep and rent me in their struggle! She leaned over me; her ambresial breath played upon my face: I could hear the beating of her heart! and the rose flow of the brow. "Poor man," I heard her murmur. "Poor weak, dying Man! Fate hath been hard to thee! Too good wer thou to be the sport of such a one as! the pawn that I must move in my play of policy! Al! Harmachis! thou we will all the heart and the light there is a subject to such a one as! the pawn that I must move in my play of policy! Al! Harmachis! thou we will all the heart and well knowledge of mankind they could not give these learning, those plotting priesus; but knowledge of mankind they could not give these learning, those plotting priesus; but knowledge of mankind they could not give these learning. those plotting priesus; but knowledge of mankind they could not light the heart and yet and call thee. Stains the march of Nature's law. And thou didst love me with all thy heart and well knowledge of mankind they could not light the heart and yet and call the stain the man doing on the light they man and they heart and set alone the light of the l

memory."
And she went forth.
(To be continued.)

HOW THEY GET MARRIED.

THE FORM, CEREMONY, AND ETIQUETTE OF THE MODERN WEDDING.

The Proposal, the Announcement, the Rings, the Brenkfasts, Dinners, and Receptions, the Bridesmalds and Groomsman, the Presents, and then the Wedding Journey.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: What is the eliquette in small matters of a modern wedding in New York city smod society? Tell me about the wedding breakfasts the dinner that the groom gives to the unb-ers, the congagement and the wedding ring the reception-all about it, please. 'Are the presents shown! What gifts does the bride give the bridesmaids? What do they WHITE RIVER JUNCTION, April 10.

It is a solemn thing to get married in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps it is more solemn not to, but any way it is infinitely cheaper. A modern New York wedding is a courtly proceeding, a royal pageant, modelled on the severe English style, with as much form and ceremony as could be crowded into

the coronation rites of an Emperor. Now, the fundamental and active principle of a wedding is the bride; consequently the first step in the proceedings is to secure one. Weddings without a bride are not in good form in New York and are not at all English. There is no article in the statutes of the United States. no correct formula established by social potentates regulating the method by which the would-be Benedict woos his bride, and there are countless ingenious, original, and novel methods employed in Intimating that "Barkis is willin'." The good old ceremony of kneeling during the proposal is fast falling into innocuous desuctude, for a recently engaged young man, when asked if he went down on his knees to propose replied that he couldn't, because "she was sitting on them."

Once the maiden consents, papa must be consulted as to the propriety of the proposed alliance, and, if papa consents the young man proceeds to spend one-half his fortune on a betrothal ring, which is usually a diamond solitaire, though of late there has been a whim among opulest grooms of giving three gypsy hoops-one set round with diamonds, one with rubles, and the other with emeralds or sapphires-all to be worn on the third finger of the left hand. This custom seems to be indispensable, though it is to be regretted that the expensiveness of modern betrothals and weddings is keeping many young men from wedding the girls they love.

The manner of appounding the engagement is usually this: The groom steps into his club and tells his most intimate friend, who an-

or have their husbands do so, immediately SOME OF THE HUMOR THAT CHEERS

bad official to when a wedding ring has hever been taken off, some exigency or accident compels its removal. Long exercitums on the part of the elergyman during the erremony are no longer in order, and the singing of a wedding hymn, though sometimes included in the ceromony by people of taste, is usually omitted, for it keeps the bride standing too long, "the cynosure of all eyes," at a moment, too, when her heart is or ought to be fraught with feeling, and when she has need of all her nerve, strength, and composure for the reception to follow,

Weddings in the evening are according to the same formula as the morning wedding.

nerve, strongth, and composure for the reception to follow.

Weddings in the evening are according to the same formula as the morning wedding, with the single difference that in the morning gentlemen wear freek coats and in the evening dress suits are in order. The bride makes no difference in her dress morning, noon, or evening, it is ever a creation of elegatee, expressed in silk and hee and diamonds or pearls.

For a wedding at home, which is so much preferred by many people, the clergyman stands in some convenient place facing the people, and the bride and groom kneel before him on cushions arranged for them, and with their faces turned from the guests. After the ceremony the clergyman resigns his place to them and congratulations follow.

For a widow or an elderly person a bonnet at her wedding is quite deriguer, and a veil is out of the question. Many elderly brides wear dark velvet or silk costumes and bonnets to the church, or are married in travelling suits. There is an inviciable law against appearing at a wedding in mourning. If the brides mother is a widow she should lay asside her cap and veil on that occasion. In England the singular custom prevails of considering red a mourning color for weddings, and a bride's mother and sisters will wear the color of Jacqueminot roses at a weddings and a bride's mother and sisters will wear the color of Jacqueminot roses at a weddings and a bride's mother and sisters will wear the color of Jacqueminot roses at a weddings and a bride's mother and sisters will wear the color of the brothers and sisters it is perfectly proper that several married couples should stand about her in the space near the altar. A mother who is a widow can accompany her daughter to the altar and give her away.

WILLIAM THE ONLY HAS RIVALS.

WILLIAM THE ONLY HAS RIVALS. But All Their Uttered Envy Cannot Rume

the Great Bartender. The publication last Sunday in THE SUN of the interesting and important news that "The Only Original William." the masterly drink mixer, who was discovered by THE SUN two years ago, was going abroad, and, reversing he usual custom, was going to publish a book before he started, has produced a startling and unprecedented complication in the ranks of down-town har artists. It now appears that there is a brilliant cluster of "Williams" within a gunshot of THE SUN office, all of whom have all along for two years been recognized by their friends as the original of the Only Original William of THE SUN, and when the news of the departure of the Only Original William was first given to the thirsty public it had the effect of overwhelming each other William with a crush of friends, who actually tumbled

The manner of announcing the engagement was listed and tolls his most intimate friend, who announces the fact is some informal way. The bride tolls her dearest friend, after making her some to the consistence of the sole o

FUN AND BUSINESS MIXED.

THE CENTENNIAL WORKERS. Odd Dicks Who Write and Call and De What They Can to Hinder the Commit-tees of the Show-A Few Specimens.

"Is this the Centennial Committee?" For some weeks the swinging doors of the Stewart building have been describing several hundred daily semicircles more than usual. These represent the dally visitors to the rooms of the Centennial Committee in the north corridor, ground floor. The visitors open their conversation with the question that begins this column with such regularity that Clerk R. G. Dayton has acquired a habit of unconsclously saying "yes" every time he sees a strange face.

There isn't anything imposing about the rooms that visitors enter. They are two in number. Both are large, square offices with white walls and plenty of light. Desks are scattered around freely, and a dozen clerks are bustling about. The inner room has a long table with a lot of chairs around it. That is for committee meetings. All the sub-committees Committee, which is in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and the Art Committee, which Is in the Metropolitan Opera House. Sometimes three or four committees have meetings at once in the rooms. One will then take the long table, and the others will huddle together in little groups and hobnob. It sounds like Babel then. The only thing in either of the rooms unlike the contents of an ordinary business office is a blue flag with a white coat of arms, which is tacked to the wall. It is the President's flag, and will be floated from the Despatch after President Harrrison gets on board.

Two other rooms, which visitors rarely see have lately been added to the committee's quarters. One is the Press Bureau and the other the invitation room. Mr. A. B. Kirtland is the happy gentleman in charge of the invita-tion room. The room is filled with pretty ziris, tion room. The room is filled with pretty girls, who tick on typewriters, direct envelopes, and paste newspaper elippings into big books. The girls formerly were in the committee rooms, but their presence added to the number of visitors, so they were tucked out of sight in an adjoining room. It is said to be harder to get into the invitation room than to secure ball tickets.

In general, the only thing remarkable about the Centennial Committee's quarters is an air of rush and worry seldom seen in business offices unless there's a panic in Wall street. Mr. Gerry occasionally files into the room, romoves his for cap in a distracted way, is popered with seventy questions at once, answers Mr. Gerry occasionally flies into the room, romoves his fur can in a distracted way, is penpered with seventy questions at once, answers them all at once, and flies out. Mr. Garence W. Bowen, the Secretary, rushes in a dozen times a day, wiping his forcheal and almost forcing his way through the crowd of people who want to talk to him. He snowers "yeses" and "noses" and "don't knows" and "haven't times" to right and left, holds his hand to his head for a moment, and summons a stenographer to dictate a dozen brief letters rapidly. Half a dozen committeemen are waiting for him, and while he talks to them he sends one messenger to tell Mr. Fish to be on haud at 5 sharp and another to tell Mr. Gruger he can't keep the engagement for 3 o'clock. Then he makes four or five notes in his memorandum book, issues a breadside of orders, looks at his watch, and thies out, taking advantage of his length of leg to escape the recople waiting outside for him. Other committeemen drop in and drop out. If Mr. Gerry or Mr. Bowen isn't there they speak with a white-haired, white-whiskered man, who is always there, and the only person connected with the offices that dossn't look flurried. He is William G. Hamilton, Chairman of the Committee on States. only person connected with the offices that doesn't look flurried. He is William G. Hamilton, Chairman of the Committee on States.

Every one clee in the room wears the same air of worry and overwork that Mr. Gerry and Mr. Bowen wear. If you speak to Chief Clerk J. L. Styles he will look at you liquelessly, and elequently point to a pile of unanswered letters over a foot high. Mr. Stiles receives 1.100 letters a day on the average, and disposes of them all. Every one who writes to the committee cets an answer, if it is only an acknowledgement of the letter. Nobedy on duty in the committee rooms, from Mr. Bowen down to the smallest clerk, thinks of doing less than twelve hours work a day. The office is open at 9 in the morning and is humming at 10. After the regular clerks go home at 9 or 10 at night for a few hours sleep the rooms are taken bossession of by a horde of penmen, who direct the invitations to distinguished guests and get rid of the heaps of miscolianoous writing. They leave about midnight.

But through all this grinding work and worry

leave about midnight. But through all tals grinding work and worry But through all this grinding work and worry runs a rich vein of high comedy. It is occasioned by the queer requests people make in person or by letter. There is no place where the queerness of queer tolks is so apparent as in a stirring business office. It is by force of contrast. The overworked officials and clerks in the centennial rooms don't think their visitors are funny at the time, but they laugh about them after they get into bed at hight.

After you enter the door of the committee rooms, your passage is blocked by a railing setting apart a considerable space, which is often crowded with people. It is seldem that the rail has no one hanging over it. The great majority of callers come for teacts to the grand stands along the route of the parade. These are promptly referred to the Army Committee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The majority of the others want information.

mittee at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The majority of the others want information.

"Is this where the Centennial Committee meets?" asked a benevolent-looking man.

"Yes," said Clerk Dayton.

"Can you tell me the line of march?"

Mr. Dayton handed him a card.

"Who has charge of the bail?"

"The Entertainment Committee."

"Who is running the parade?"

"Col. Cruger."

"Humph! Well, say, who is the head of the whole thing?"

In the Spring

Nearly everyhody needs a good medic

Scrofula Humors

"We have used flood's savesparilla for several years, and feel proud to recommend it as an excellent spring medicine or to be used at all times as a blood purifier. For children as well as grown people we consider it the best. We set aside one bortle for our boy to take in the spring. He satisty carsold and have aboved good health ever since we becam giving it to him. We are seldom ever since we becan giving it to him. ever since we began giving it to him. We are seldom without it."—B. F. ditoving Rochester, N. H.

"Thave been using Hood's rarrayarilia and find it an excellent blood purifier. It also relieved me of huming ensistion in the stomach."—Mrs. C. T. TAFT, Ware, Texas.

Ware, Texas.

ties which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled or when the mild days medicine. The peculiar notiving and reviving qualities tome, and the effect of bracing air is lost the body is liable to be overcome by debility or some serious disdisease and fortify the system against the debilitating case. The remarkable success achieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the many words of praise it has received, make it worthly your comfidence. We ask you to give this medicine a trial. We are sure it will do you good.

"Couldn't keep store without Hood's Sarsaparilla."—
G. A. HOPKINS, Trumausburg, N. V.

"Great Cut."

"Great Cut."

"Great Cut."

Fagged Out

"Last spring I was completely fagged out. Ny strength left me and I felt sich and misorable all the time, so that I could hardly attend to my business. I took one bottle of Hend's Sarsarurilla, and it cured me. There is nothing like it "-R. C. BEGOLE, Laiter Enterprise, Belie-

"With the first bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, my head-

Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla.

Heed's Sarsaparilla is prepared from Sarsaparilla.

If have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and in an hour actor eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all gone feeling, as if I had not extend to the call the special of medicinal value of each. It would be appeared to the carrier of the call medicinal value of each. It would be appeared to the carrier of the call the carrier of medicinal value of each. It would be appeared to the carrier of the carrier of

ner as to derive the fall medicinal value of each. It will cure, when in the power of medicine, screfula, salt appeties, and my fool reliabled and satisfied the craving them, sores, bolis, pinyles, all burners, dyspersia, bihousness, sick brodache, indigestion, general debility, entarrb, rheimmitism, kidney and liver complaints. It overcomes that extreme tired feeling caused by change of climate, senson, or life.

In the catch any time.

In the catch any time.

In the previously experienced. It reneved need that allowed the previously experienced. It reneved need that allowed the previously experienced. It reneved need that previously experienced in the previously experienced. It reneved need that previously experienced in the previously experienced. It reneved need that previously experienced in the previously experienced in the previously experienced in the previously experienced. of climate, season, or life.

Spring Medicine

cine for the blood I ever tried. Large quanties of it are sold in this ricinity. As a blood medicine and suring tomost stands alread of all others."—It. N. PHILLIPS, Editor Senting-LAdvertiser, Hops Valley, R. L. N. B.-If you have made up your mind to get Hood's and Buttonwood sts. Philadelphia.

A Good Appetite

"I must say Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever used. Last spring I had no appetite, and the least work I did fatigued no ever so much. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon I feit as if I could do as much in a day as I had formerly done in a week. My appelled is voracious."—Mrs. M. V. HAYARD, Atlantic Green and the wind spring strength to the whole system. Now in the process of the country of the blood, described in the country of the blood, described in the digestive organs and the wratening effect of the changing season. Head's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful melicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestice, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the first to take it. He strength and the season it is often. is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hee Ps.

"I had been troubled with pimples on my lower limbs.

HOOO'S SAISADAFILA

Seld by all druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by \$0.1, 1000 k CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. by \$C. L 1000 k CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Boses One Bollar.

in a good deal better ship. I've been always able to stand on my own bettom, too.

A great many of the people who call present their family trees verbailly. Some personally bring the written statement of their ancestry and leave it with a request for tickets, still others den't care for tickets so much as recognition. They want to be honored somehow, if it is only to be commissioned to perform some small measurer duty some time during the days of each traition.

it is only to be commissioned to perform some small measured duty some time during the days of celebration.

The army headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel is quite as busy a place as the general headquarters. Col. Cruger comes in every afternoon. He possesses the genius for never appearing rushed, though his work is stippendous. Capt. William H. Murphy is the man who shoulders the bulk of the work aided by two clerks, S. J. Monroo and F. J. McRac. About 500 letters a day come to this office. An average of 350 of these are applications for tickets. The rest are chiefly from people who want something. The office is overrun by applications from drum corps in the country. Every one of these wants all its expenses taid. Most of them are willing to give their services for a small sum or nothing. The champion demand is in a brief letter from Connecticut, which closes this way:

I want raifroad passes for me and my entire band, when we get down, if you want to eneage us for \$400, all right.

when we get down, if you want to encage us for \$100, all right.

Capt. Murphy didn't reply, and the bandmaster wrote four times. A fifth letter is due, All kinds of military and semi-military organizations write letters asking for expenses down. A few want advice. The Captain of a target commany from Westchester county asked if Col. Cruger thought parade day would be a good time for the company to come down and show off on its own hook. He kindly enclosed the roster of his company.

These are but a few hit-or-miss illustrations of the volumes of impossible requests, in person and writing, which distract the attention of the workers. Capt. Murphy is not so polite as Mr. Howen. The necessary work is too great, he argues, to bother with such communications as these. They are all filed, but unless people talk business they can't hous to get much consideration from Capt. Murphy until after the centennial.

THE HERR PROFESSOR.

He is an Amiable Gentleman, Modest, Sen sitive, and Abominably Dressed,

Even Germans consider the German professor a rather curious character. The quaintness of his appearance, his absent-mindedness his mannerisms in the lecture room, and hundred other personal peculiarities are famous throughout the fatherland.

The first thing about the German professor to impress itself upon Americans is his clothes. They don't it him. The tails of his frock coat always cross, and the collar is always a couple.

JOHN SWINTON. The first thing about the German professor

The second secon

STANLEY AFRICANUS,

And the Scheme He Proposed to Field Marshal Murat Halstend. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: There is truth in your remark that "Stanley's thirst

for fame as an African explorer was satiated

long ago, and we are not likely to hear of any further exploits by him in Africa." It was from Stanley himself that I learned

the fact of which you speak. When Stanley was in this city some years

ago he spent a few hours in the enjoyment of a breakfast that was given to him by Field Mar-shal Murat Halstead of Cincinnati. Besides Stanley, I was the only other guest of the distinguished host on that occasion. Stanley referred to the explorations he had made in Africa when sent there by James Gordon Bennett of the Herald, and in the course of time he advanced a notion which he evidently thought might strike the fancy of another journalist, Mr. Halstead, who was then the editor of the Cincinnati Commercial. He proceeded to develop his new project, which was that of an expedition in Central Asia, beyond the Himalayas, for the exploration of the ancient kingdom of Thibet, especially Great Thibet and the eastern and northern parts of the country, which are very imperfectly known by us. He proposed to Mr. Halstend to send him there; he told of the plan he had formed

him there; he told of the plan he had formed for the desired expedition, and he spoke of the discoveries which he thought were yet to be made in that interesting country, which is supposed to have a population of nearly 18,000,000 living under the spiritual rule of the two Lamas.

Mr. Stanley's proposition was not entertained by Mr. Haistead, and I do not know whether he ever presented it to anybody clse.

There have been European travellers in Thilot since that time, and we know more of it now than we did then; but the work of exploration then outlined by Stanley has never been performed.

ploration then outlined by Stanley has never been performed.

In his talk that morning Stanley gave it to be understood that he desired to see no more of that Africa in which he had found Liv-ingstone, and that he was desirous of explor-ing regions which seemed to him more invit-ing than those around Tanganylka and the Nyanzas, and of seeing a race more peaceful than the black savages of the interior of the Dark Continent. Dark Continent.

Perhaps this note may lead some other ad-

An Office Seeker Carried I'm Stairs by See From the Chicago Tribune.

A man has arrived here from Texas without less who has proved himself as persistent an office seeker as any that has been in the city. His name is John W. Coombs and he halls from Houston. He lived near Chicago many years before moving South. For twelvey years both of his limbs have been paralyzed, and he has lost the use of them. He travels from place to place in a eart propolled by himself. This morning on arriving he put up at the Ebbit House. He had not been in the hotel long when he was helped on his eart, and off he sped to the White House to see the President. On his arrival in front of the portice one of the ushers came out and received a message to be taken to God. Harrison. An answer soon came, and Mr. Coombs was lifted from his eart and carried to the top of the stairs into the library by Secretary Halford and one of the ushers. The President chatted with him for a short time and appointed another interview, when the office which he wanted would be discussed. From the White House Mr. Coombs wheeled around to the Interior Department, where he was carried to the presence of Neurotary Abelies do not be sent and in his cort at the hotel library tends would like a prediction. Mr. Coombs who had not be interested to the presence of Neurotary Abelies do not be ground to the Interior Department that Mr. Coombs would like a prediction. Mr. Coombs wheeled around to the presence of Neurotary Abelies. On the ground that his divinging it might be proved the came that find divinging it might in pure his changes for the was and he didn't propose to give himself away if he could help it. A man has arrived here from Texas with-

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